

"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name (My nature), there I am in the midst of them."—Jesus.

At the first Whitsuntide, the disciples were gathered together in that little "Upper Room" in ONE consciousness, with ONE purpose and then, in that unity, the "Spirit of the Lord" came upon them and They received great blessings.

In like unity of consciousness, all those who now desire healing of their bodies, minds and affairs; harmony and peace in their homes and worlds; the manifestation of money and every good thing in their hands and use and the illumination of their minds, are invited to meet (mentally) in consciousness with others of like intent at the same time they meet.

Every Tuesday evening from 7 to 10 o'clock P.M. and daily from 7 to 8 o'clock A.M. (both Eastern Daylight Time), groups of dedicated men and women meet together and lovingly place all human problems in the hands of the Heavenly Father, invoking all His help to solve those problems and remove all their attendant distresses. If each individual desiring such assistance will observe these periods as a "quiet" time in his or her own home (adjusting the time in their locality to meet the hours above), they will be sure to feel the "sweet anointing from above." Try this! Wherever you are, enter into this consciousness regularly with these groups for a few weeks. You will feel the added assistance to your own endeavors. Then be sure to "keep on keeping on" until your world and affairs are all that you desire. Remember "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success!" God bless you!

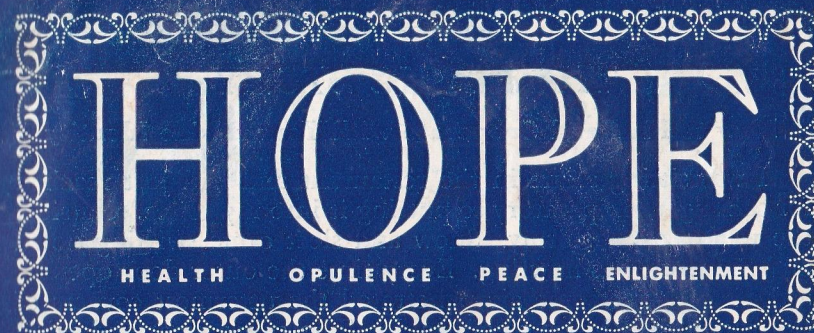
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YOUR LADDER TO GOD'S HEART

Unto each mortal who comes to Earth
A ladder is given by God at birth;
And up this ladder each soul must go,
Step by step from the Valley below,
Climbing with either toil or grace
To the starting place.
In time departed (which yet endures)
I shaped my ladder, and you shaped yours.
Whatever they are—they are what we
made—
A ladder of light, or a ladder of shade;
A ladder of love, or a hateful thing,
A ladder of strength or a wavering
string;
A ladder of gold, or a ladder of straw,
Each is a ladder of righteous Law.
We flung them away at the Call of
Death,
We took them again with the next life
breath;
For a Keeper stands by the great birth
gates—

As each soul passes, its ladder waits.
Tho mine be narrow, and yours be
broad,
On my ladder alone can I climb to God.
For none may borrow and none may
lend,
The ladder is yours alone, good friend!
If toil and trouble and pain are found,
Twisted and corded to form each round,
If rusting iron or mouldering wood
Is the fragile frame, you must make it
good!
You must build it over and fashion it
strong,
Tho the task be as hard as your life is
long;
For up this ladder the pathway leads
To earthly pleasures and spirit needs;
And all that may come in another way
Shall be but illusion and will not stay.
In useless effort then, waste no time—
Rebuild your ladder, and climb and
climb!

Also in this issue:

THE MAGIC STORY—
How to find your
Divine Identity.
FORGIVENESS, a heal-
ing grace.

**Lives of Great Men—Comte
De Saint Germain**
"It is better to have loved
and lost than never to
have loved at all!"

THE MAGIC STORY

How to Find and Cooperate with Your Divine Identity

I was sitting alone in the restaurant and had just reached for the sugar, preparatory to putting it into my coffee. Outside, the weather was stormy. Snow and sleet came swirling down and the wind was howling. Every time the outer door opened, a draft of unwelcome air penetrated the uttermost corners of the room; still I was comfortable. The snow, sleet and wind conveyed nothing to me except an abstract thanksgiving that I was where it could not affect me. While I dreamed and sipped my coffee, the door opened and closed and admitted Sturtevant.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent. He had, however, fallen into the rut traveled by ne'er-do-wells, and was out at the elbows as well as insolvent.

As I raised my eyes to Sturtevant's, I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. Yet he was not dressed differently,—he wore the same threadbare coat in which he always appeared, and the old brown hat was the same. However, there was something new and strange in his appearance. As he swished his hat around to relieve it of the burden of snow deposited by the howling nor-wester, there was something new in the gesticulation. I could not remember when I had invited Sturtevant to dine with me, but involuntarily I beckoned to him. He nodded, and presently seated himself opposite to me. I asked him what he would have, and he, after scanning the bill of fare carelessly, ordered from it leisurely, and invited me to join him in coffee for two. I watched him in surprise but, as I had invited the obligation, I was prepared to pay for it although I knew I hadn't sufficient cash to settle the bill. Meanwhile, with increasing amazement I noted the brightness of his usual lack-luster eyes and the healthful, hopeful glow upon his cheeks.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.

"No," he replied, calmly, "but I have found my Divine Identity!"

Pausing with his cup half way to his lips, he said "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man,—and the alteration has taken place in the last few hours. You have seen me come

into this place 'broke' many a time, when you have turned away, so that I would think you did not see me. I knew why you did that. It was not because you did not want to pay for a dinner, but because you did not have the money to do it. Is that your check? Let me have it. Thank you. This is my treat."

He called the waiter to him and, with an inimitable flourish, signed his name on the backs of the two checks and waved him away. After that he was silent a moment while he looked into my eyes, smiling at the astonishment which I strove in vain to conceal.

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked presently. "No." "Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it?" "No." "You have been a reporter on the dailies for—how many—seven or eight years? Do you remember when I ever had any credit until tonight?" "No." "Was I refused just now? You have seen for yourself. Tomorrow my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. "Why? BECAUSE I HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF SUCCESS."

"Yes," he continued, when I did not reply, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and since reading it I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it and accept and apply the truths found therein. You have no idea what it will do for you. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A, B, C. The very instant you grasp its TRUE meaning, *success is certain!* This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of refuse in the metropolitan ash can; tonight I wouldn't change places with a millionaire. That sounds foolish, but it is true. The millionaire has spent his enthusiasm; mine is all at hand."

"You amaze me," I said. "Won't you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

"Certainly. I mean to tell it to the whole world. It is really remarkable that it should have been written and should remain in print so long, with so few souls to appreciate it until now. This morning I was starving. I hadn't any credit, nor a place to get a meal. I was in a serious condition. I had gone to three of the papers for which I had done work, and had

been handed back all that I had submitted. Then I found *the story* and read it. You can hardly imagine the transformation. Why, my dear boy, everything changed at once,—and there you are."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

"Wait; let me finish. After reading the story, I took those same old drawings to other editors and every one of them was accepted at once."

"Can the story do for others what it has done for you? For example, would it be of assistance to me?" I asked.

"Help you? Why not? Listen and I will tell it to you, although, really, you should read it. Still I will tell it as best I can. It is like this:—"

The waiter interrupted us at that moment. He informed Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone and with a word of apology the artist left the table and then the cafe.

I encountered Sturtevant on several occasions following this but there was always some interruption to the telling of the story in which I was so much interested.

Finally Sturtevant said, "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the escritoire near the window you will find an old scrapbook bound in rawhide. It was manufactured, I have no doubt, by the author of the magic story. Wait for me in my room until I return."

With that he went out and I lost no time in taking advantage of the permission he had given me.

I found the book without difficulty. It was a quaint, home-made affair, covered, as Sturtevant had said, with rawhide and bound with leather thongs. The pages formed an odd combination of yellow paper, vellum and home-made parchment. I found the story, curiously printed on the last-named material. It was quaint and strange. Evidently, the printer had "set" it under the supervision of the writer. The phraseology was an unusual combination of seventeenth and eighteenth century mannerisms, and the interpolation of italics and capitals could have originated in no other brain than that of its author.

In reproducing the following story, the peculiarities of type, etc. are eliminated, but in other respects it remains unchanged:

"Inasmuch as I have evolved from my experience the one

great success for all worldly undertakings, I deem it wise, now that the number of my days is nearly counted, to give to the generations that are to follow me the benefit of whatsoever knowledge I possess. I do not apologize for the manner of my expression, nor for lack of literary merit, the latter being, I wot, its own apology. Tools much heavier than the pen have been my portion. Nevertheless, the facts I can tell, *and that I deem is the meat within the nut*. What mattereth it, in what manner the shell be broken, so that the meat be obtained and rendered useful? I doubt not that I shall use, in the telling, expressions that have clung to my memory since childhood; for, when men attain the number of my years, happenings of youth are like to be clearer to their perceptions than are events of recent date; nor doth it matter how a thought is expressed, if it be wholesome and helpful, and findeth the understanding of the reader.

From my good father I receiveth the following—Here beginneth the first lesson to be acquired:

Man should not be blinded to whatsoever merit exists in the opportunity which he hath in hand, *remembering that a thousand promises for the future should weigh as naught against the possession of a single piece of silver*.

When I had achieved ten years, my mother's soul took flight, and two years thereafter my worthy father followed her. I, being their only begotten, was left alone; howbeit, there were friends who, for a time, cared for me; that is to say, they offered me a home beneath their roof, a hospitality of which I took advantage for the space of five months. From my father's estate there came to me naught; but, in the wisdom that came with increasing years, I convinced myself that his friend, under whose roof I lingered for some time, had defrauded him, and therefore me.

Until I was three and twenty, I will make no recital here; but some time after, having in my possession the sum of sixteen guineas, ten, which I had saved from the fruits of my labor, I took ship to Boston town, where I began work first as a cooper, and thereafter as a ship's carpenter, although always after the craft was docked; for the sea was not amongst my desires.

Fortune will sometimes smile upon an intended victim

because of pure perversity of temper. Such was one of my experiences. I prospered, and at seven and twenty, owned the yard wherein, less than four years earlier I had worked for hire. Fortune, howbeit, is a jade who must be coerced; she will not be coddled. Here beginneth the second lesson to be acquired:

Fortune is ever elusive, and can only be retained by personal endeavor. Deal with her indifferently and she will forsake you for a stronger and more appreciative man.

About this time, Disaster (which is one of the heralds of broken spirits and lost resolve), paid me a visit. Fire ravaged my yards, leaving me nothing but debts. I labored with my acquaintances, seeking assistance for a new start, but the fire that had burned my competence, seemed also to have consumed their sympathies. So it happened within a short time, that not only had I lost all, but I was hopelessly indebted to others.

Life has many pathways, and of them by far the greater number lead downward. Some are precipitous, others are less abrupt; but ultimately, no matter at what inclination the angle may be fixed, they arrive at the same destination,—failure. And here beginneth the third lesson:

Failure exists only in the grave. Man, being alive, hath not yet failed; always he may turn about and ascend by the same path by which he descended; and there may be one path upward that is less abrupt (albeit longer of achievement), and more adaptable to his condition.

Being a skilled workman, howbeit, I speedily found employment at good wages; but, having eaten of the fruit of worldly advantage, dissatisfaction possessed me. I became morose and sullen; whereat, to cheer my spirits, and for the sake of forgetting the losses I had sustained, I passed my evenings with frivolous companions; and here might be included the fourth lesson:

Seek comrades among the industrious, for those who are idle will sap your energies from you.

It was my pleasure at that time to relate, upon slight provocation, the tale of my disasters. It was then that I regarded myself as a failure. I can liken my condition at that time for

naught more than similar to that of a man who, descending the steep side of a mountain, loses his foothold. The farther he slides, the faster he goes. I have heard this condition described by the word Ishmaelite, which I understand to be a man whose hand is against everybody and who thinks that the hands of every other man are against him; and here beginneth the fifth lesson:

The Ishmaelite and the leper seem to be the same, since both are abominations in the sight of man,—albeit they differ much, *in that the former may be restored to perfect health.* The former is entirely the result of imagination; the latter has poison in his blood.

I will not discourse at length upon the gradual denegation of my energies. *It is not meet ever to dwell much upon misfortunes.* It is enough if I add that the day came when I possessed naught wherewith to purchase food and raiment. Steady employment I could not secure. My condition then was deplorable; not so much for the body, be it said, as for the mental part of me, which was sick unto death. Here beginneth the sixth and final lesson to be acquired, which cannot be told in one sentence, nor in one paragraph, but must needs be adapted from the remainder of this tale.

Well do I remember my awakening, for it came in the night, when, in truth, I did awake from sleep. My bed was a pile of shavings in the rear of the cooper shop where once I had worked for hire. The night was cold and I was chilled, albeit, paradoxically, I had been dreaming of light and warmth and of the repletion of good things. You will say, when I relate the effect the vision had on me, that my mind was affected. So be it, for it is the hope that the minds of others might be likewise influenced, which disposes me to undertake this writing. It was the dream which converted me to the belief, nay to the knowledge, that I was possessed of two identities: It was my own Divine Identity that afforded me the assistance for which I had pleaded in vain from my acquaintances. I have heard this condition described by the word "double." Nevertheless, that word does not comprehend my meaning. A double can be naught more than a copy of the original. But I will philosophize, since philosophy is naught but a suit of garments for the decoration of a dummy figure.

Moreover, it was not the dream itself which affected me;

it was the impression made by it, and the influence that it exerted over me, which accomplished my enfranchisement. In a word then, I encouraged my Divine Identity. In my dream after toiling through a tempest of snow and wind, I peered into a window and saw that other Being. He was rosy with health; before Him, on the hearth, blazed a fire of logs; there was conscious power and strength in His demeanor. I rapped timidly upon the door and He bade me enter. There was a kindly smile of compassion in His eyes as He motioned me to a chair by the fire; but He uttered no word of welcome. When I had warmed myself, I went forth again into the tempest, burdened with the shame which the contrast between us had forced upon me. It was then that I awoke; and here cometh the strange part of my tale, for, when I did awake, I was not alone. There was a Presence with me; intangible to others, I discovered later, but real to me!

The Presence was in my likeness, yet was it strikingly unlike me. The brow, more lofty than my own, seemed more round and full; the eyes, clear, direct and filled with purpose, glowed with enthusiasm and resolution; the lips, chin,—ay, the whole contour of face and figure was beautiful, loving, powerful and determined.

He was calm, steadfast, and self-reliant; I was cowering, filled with nervous trembling, and fearsome of intangible shadows. Not again in my dreams that night did I encounter my Divine Identity, albeit, when, perchance, I awakened from slumber, It was near to me, ever wearing that calm smile of kindly compassion which could not be mistaken for pity nor for condolence in any form.

The association lasted for many days when I made bold to speak, albeit with marked timidity. "Who are you?" I ventured to ask. "I AM *your* I AM PRESENCE (your Divine Identity)," was the reply. "I Am He who you have been; I Am he who you may be again; wherefore do you hesitate?" I Am He who you were, and whom you have cast out for other company. I Am the man made in the Image of God, Who once possessed your body. Once we dwelt within it together, as tenants in common. Then you became selfish and exacting until I could not longer abide with you, therefore I stepped out. There is a positive and a negative consciousness in every human body that is born into the world. Whichever

one of these is favored by the flesh becomes dominant; then is the other inclined to abandon its habitation, temporarily or for all time. I am the positive consciousness of yourself; you are the negative. I own all things; you possess naught. That body which we both inhabited is Mine, but it is unclean, and I will not dwell within it. Cleanse it, and I will again take possession.

"To the positive consciousness of a man, all things are possible. The world belongs to Him,—in His estate. He fears naught, dreads naught, acknowledges no obstacles to his success. He travels on an even plane where stumbling is unknown!"

Thereafter, I slept again, and when I awoke, I seemed to be in a different world. The sun was shining and I was conscious that birds twittered above my head. My body, yesterday trembling and uncertain, had become vigorous and filled with energy.

The events of the night recurred to me, and I looked about me for the Presence. It was not visible, but anon I discovered, cowering in a far corner a puny, shuddering figure. It tottered as it walked, for it approached me piteously; but I laughed aloud. I knew then it was the negative consciousness, and that the positive consciousness *was within me*; albeit I did not then realize it. Yesterday was gone—today was with me,—it had just begun!

I pray you who read, heed well the following admonitions, since upon them depend the word "success" and all that it implies:

Whatsoever you desire of good is yours. You have but to stretch forth your hand and take it.

Learn that the consciousness of dominant power within you is the possession of all things attainable.

Have no fear of any sort or shape, for fear is an adjunct of the negative consciousness.

If you have skill, apply it; the world must profit by it, and therefore you.

Make a daily and nightly companion of your Divine Identity; if you heed Its advice, you cannot go wrong.

Remember, philosophy is an argument; the world, which is your property, is an accumulation of facts.

Go, therefore, and do that which is within you to do; take

no heed of gestures which would beckon you aside; ask of no man permission to perform.

The negative consciousness requests favors; the positive grants them. Fortune waits upon every footstep you take; seize her, bind her, hold her, for she is yours; she belongs to you.

START OUT NOW, with these admonitions in your mind. Stretch out your hand, and grasp the positive, which maybe you have never made use of, save in great emergencies. Life is an emergency most grave.

Your positive consciousness (Divine Identity) is awaiting your conscious invitation to take possession of you and your world; cleanse your brain by overcoming the habit of impure and negative thinking, and strengthen your will by cultivating feelings of a constructive nature. It will take possession! It waits upon you!

START NOW UPON THIS NEW JOURNEY!

Be always on your guard. Whichever attitude of consciousness controls you, the other hovers at your side; beware lest the evil enter, *even for a moment!*

My task is done. I have written the recipe for "success." If followed, it cannot fail. Wherein I may not be entirely comprehended, the positive consciousness of whosoever reads will supply the deficiency; and upon that Better Self of mine, I place the burden of imparting to generations that are to come, the secret of this all-pervading good,—*the secret of being what you have it within you to be!*

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

Revelation

While in the throes of despair—after years of turmoil, depression, sickness and misery—something within me rebelled; something within me that had been searching for years; something that was weary of searching cried out. My entire physical being pulsated with these words "know ye not that I Am God and through Me thou shalt know peace and become whole?" Then I, without any reservations said, "God help me, I know not what I must do, but lift me out of my misery!" Suddenly there spread over me a mantle of softness, a feeling of warmth, a feeling of peace and I knew that I would be shown "the way"!

Almost immediately I was introduced to a group of people

—people who had suffered as much or more than I and who, through complete surrender to the GOOD WILL of God for them, had found serenity in a new way of life. These were people who had LET GO and LET GOD take over! My joy was boundless, for now I knew I was stepping out upon "The Path"—learning the Laws of Life and how to co-operate with them instead of always swimming upstream against the current. In always demanding my own way and satisfying my own desires I was doing just that—really struggling against God's efforts to give me every good and perfect thing.

After meeting these God-loving people, my problems did not disappear over night—discordant appearances still seemed to exist but now I knew how to call for God's help—I had found a way and means of overcoming them.

Slowly, ever so slowly, things began to straighten out. However, there was much to learn about how to live this new life. I had to learn to think positively instead of negatively. I discovered that one can only think of one thing at a time and that if one kept the attention upon positive thoughts, negation had no chance to appear. Therefore, when a negative thought would come to my mind, I would deliberately and definitely replace it with a positive one. God—being positive and ALL GOOD—I knew He must want that good for me. I began to realize that He was ALL POWERFUL, ALL KNOWING and ALWAYS PRESENT wherever I was.

As I continued this practice of knowing that God was all—in and through all—I began to be grateful for the ordinary things of life that had blessed me—a chair, for instance. I began to think of the beauty from which that chair had come—the wood from which it was made having once been a beautiful tree in a forest, standing against a multicolored sunset. Thinking such thoughts as these kept my mind uplifted and my thoughts and feelings in a more constructive vein.

Then I began to look upon my fellowman with new sight. I looked upon the good (God) within him. At first it was difficult, but having been taught that God's life is the life of all men—and therefore the life in both me and my brother—who was I to ignore or find fault with him? Through this habit which I was developing, new doors were opening for me—doors to happiness, courage and strength. It was helping me to develop an ability to assist my fellowman for how could

I bless my brother if I saw no good in him? I learned that by recognizing only the good, in time that good would become physically manifest through him.

I know now that all life is searching for security and happiness. Many times in the obtaining of material things we think we have found what we long for. However, when these things are had, most of the time we are soon restless again, realizing that the "soul longing" is not satisfied. We search for "greener pastures"—a great love, wealth, friendship, but until mankind realizes that God is the giver of every good and perfect gift—even the gift itself—nothing but a real understanding of and love for God—our Creator and very life which beats our physical hearts—will fill that longing for the "greener pastures".

Believe me, it is WONDERFUL TO KNOW that God is my Heavenly Father; that it is His Own life and consciousness which beats my very physical heart and makes me know myself as "I AM"; to know that His love for me (the child of His heart), wants to give me every good and perfect thing without struggle; to know that He hears and answers every sincere prayer, however faint in sound that prayer may be. I must make the call—the first overture to draw His help—since long, long ago I turned away from His Way of Perfection of my own choice. It is so good to know that AT MY CALL, my Heavenly Father (from whom I can never be separated since He is my very life), will replace fear with courage, if I ask Him; turmoil with tranquility, sickness with health, poverty with supply, hate with love, sadness with joy, loneliness with friendship—all this and more He will give to us if we will but love and trust Him, trying to the best of our ability to obey His commandment—"LOVE ONE ANOTHER". If you want to experience real peace, joy and happiness, try making yourself as a little child, resting your head upon the Father's breast and feeling His Everlasting Arms of invincible protection about you. Try to hold your attention upon this picture until you can really FEEL God's love for you expressing through you in real comforting feeling.

Since the Will of God is GOOD—good of every kind for all His creation—then to really want to know the Will of God for you and to ask that It alone be done in, through and by you,—if you really mean it—this will open the Kingdom of Heaven for you and your world.

Beloved Heavenly Father I thank Thee for having taken my hand, for leading me beside the still waters wherein is the reflection of Thy magnificence. As I gaze deep within the heart of my being I feel Thy quiet, Thy calm. I know Thou art and then the sudden revelation that I AM because THOU ART brings a silent rush of joy which floods my entire being and world. Help those, Oh Father, who yet search to find that which is Thy pleasure to give—Thy Kingdom—Thy love—Thy will to be done in them.

M.L.

(Note: If you have had experiences wherein God's love has helped you and wish to share them with our readers please send them to us c/o Hope, P.O. BOX #5, Flourtown, Pennsylvania).

FORGIVENESS — A HEALING GRACE

Forgiveness, *conscious, willing and loving* is an activity of the feelings of man. Through this "grace", he releases the pent-up rebellions, resentments, tensions and self-justifications as well as the self-condemnations *which create the major portion of the ills of mind and body*. Forgiveness replaces these by the constructive feeling of understanding love and tolerant kindness. A conscious healing of the soul takes place when the individual arises in the dignity of its own awareness that the power of forgiveness lies within the heart and proceeds to generate a feeling of forgiving love toward every person, place, condition and thing which has knowingly or unknowingly done him wrong. Sometimes it takes a little time to *want* to forgive a seemingly unjust act. The soul rather enjoys nursing the grudges and the hurts and builds a shell of distrust around it, living in a constant repetition of the errors of self or others. Thus, there is conjured up out of the realm of imagination, the repetition of the original wrong which lives (and corrodes through its living), the very peace of mind and heart, the very strength and vitality of body which every individual seeks.

In "the Lord's Prayer" is a very thought-provoking statement in the invocation to the Father of all to "forgive us our trespasses as (in the same measure) we forgive those who have trespassed against us". We are asking that the Lord of Life deal with us as we deal with our fellowman. To receive the fullest blessing of the "grace" of forgiveness for ourselves, *we must want to and really enjoy* forgiving the life which has

seemed to do us wrong. *We must be as willing to forgive ourselves as we are to forgive each other.* The guilt complexes, the obsessions buried in the subconscious minds of men that erupt as disease of mind and body, are due to the lack of forgiveness of the soul for certain imagined or actual transgressions of the Law of life.

This does not mean that we should be lax in our exertion of personal vigilance over transgressions. It does mean, however, that we should be willing to invoke the "grace" of God through those errors that have already been made and to turn our faces toward each new day unencumbered by the errors of the days and years that have passed.

When a teacher undertakes to convey certain facts to the students under his supervision, he does not continue to remind them of their former errors when the students have once learned the principle and make those errors no longer. *Why then should an All-wise Heavenly Father revert to the principle of punishment when the child has learned the lesson and no longer creates the causes which have manifested as the ills that appear on the screen of life.* Each man can and must wipe his slate clean and write anew. The quality of forgiveness is the way and means of wiping away the mistakes of the past and setting one's own world at peace so that the "grace" of God may enter in.

Each evening, in a period of retrospection, look back through your day and consciously try to sincerely forgive all the mistakes made by your self and others. Enter sleep at peace with the world, your fellowman and your God. Then you will arise refreshed in mind and body, able to proceed "upon the Father's business".

Forgiveness

Forgiveness is the heart of love,	No sin too great to be forgiven,
Forgetfulness of every wrong;	No need is too great or too small;
For every error made	God's Mercy Flame's delight
There's a healing song.	Is to answer call;
For God is infinite in grace,	To change all discord into peace,
In patience and mercy divine;	Dissolve every shadow enthralled;
He offers peace, by Mercy's Flame,	The Light of God that never fails
Of body, soul and mind.	Is grateful to be called.

I Am the Holy Name of God!	To purify, dissolve and raise
To Thy gracious Presence we call—	All substance and records of sin;
Release Thy Mercy Flame	O, let it blaze—remain all ways—
To redeem us all.	Expand Gods light within.

THERE IS NO DEATH

**"It is better to have loved and lost
than never to have loved at all"**

The experience of enjoying the companionship, loyalty, loving strength and spiritual beauty of loved ones is a gift of God. Such association brings into our lives certain depths of character, the ability to enjoy life through a wider lense provided by the capacity of our dear ones to see, feel and know something of beauty, tolerance, harmony or spiritual truth of which perhaps, we ourselves might not have become aware.

The joy of life's pilgrimage is the sharing of the beauties as well as the problems upon the Way with those who love us and who we, in turn, love and rely upon.

Then comes the day and hour when the call is heard by our loved one who is to return HOME. The life which has enriched our own, the consciousness which has strengthened us in our trials, that has sensitized our capacities to enjoy the beauties of earth and the guidance of the Spirit, no longer remains at our side as an inspiration, a leaning post, a friend and guide.

Here we come to a fork upon the Path. We can either resent, rebel and become embittered by *our* loss, forgetting in our self-pity the joyous release and happiness which such freedom will afford our loved one; or we can count our blessings which have resulted from the association with that loved one through the years. We can make today and tomorrow richer by reason of the gift of such association in the past. Thus we do not regret having loved, nor do we wish mournfully that we had not given "our hearts" to our loved ones. Rather do we rejoice that because of such association, in affliction as well as in happiness, we are richer, more mature men and women.

Life is a schoolroom provided by God to enable all mankind to develop His Nature, which is Divine Love. Divine Love has been defined as "impersonal friendship and universal kindness."

At the side of a sickbed, in the wards of hospitals, men and women find that not only their loved ones but many members of the human race are in similar need of kindly comfort, spir-

itual inspiration and practical ministration. This is the "gift" of the Holy Spirit which widens the consciousness to include the many afflicted rather than focusing the attention upon the one.

At the close of the earthlife of a beloved one, the wise man or woman draws upon the talents, capacities, wisdom, faith, strength and practical activities which have been developed through the association of months or years with the deceased and with these, definitely renders specific service to those, the living, who still need help. This practical assistance to the many is the "balm" to a bereaved heart. All the works done in the name of the beloved one for other members of the human race still caught in the toils of distress are a more lasting monument than memorials of cold stone.

The great actress, Helen Hayes, has proven the practical application of this law of turning personal loss into impersonal benefit for her fellowman. Losing her own daughter, Mary MacArthur, through the ravages of polio, rather than enter into a state of personal bitterness and grief, Helen Hayes has builded that experience into a blessing for all afflicted by polio in the establishment and expansion of the Mary MacArthur Polio Foundation. *Thus her daughter lives* in the minds, bodies and hearts of all who are benefitted by this Foundation.

The essence of life so given in service today becomes a constant prayer for the soul of the loved one who has passed from the screen of life and a source of encouragement to that soul who knows that because he has lived and shared on the earth, long after he has gone, another, taking the torch from his hand, continues to minister to the race in his name.

Many good and sincere individuals who are shocked, depressed and embittered at the loss of a loved one or even a pet to whom they have become deeply attached strike out at life and feel they will never permit themselves to become endeared to anyone or anything again. It would be better to gently, reverently and wisely turn back through the pages of memory and be grateful for the many lovely experiences which have enriched their lives by that association. Such experiences might not have been if God, in His goodness, had not allowed and provided the association in the first place.

What are *you* doing with the gifts given to you by the dearly beloved pilgrims who walked the pathway of life with you?

What are *you* doing toward building into the consciousness of your fellow travelers a spiritual vitality which will grow through them and help the race when you too have returned HOME?

"And one day when my Call has come
One day when all's been said and done
I shall, that day, please God, ascend
And spend eternity with THEE, my Friend!"

THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD

(The Lives of Great Men and Women)

The Great White Brotherhood is an Order made up of every Ascended and unascended being belonging to the human race who contributes, according to the capacities and talents of the individual, to the progress, comfort, illumination and blessing of the planet and all who use it as a schoolroom of life.

The purpose of this column is to acquaint mankind with the Members of this Brotherhood, the particular services that they have rendered and still render the human race; and the way and means by which every man may, if he wishes, become a lay member of this Brotherhood in a common endeavor to bless all life.

The great Heavenly Father delegates the responsibility and authority to assist mankind to Beings Who have the qualifications necessary for giving such assistance to all individuals evolving in the various departments of life. Similar to a college Dean who secures the services of professors proficient in imparting knowledge on particular subjects, the Father-God utilizes the developed talents of His Sons and Daughters Who have acquired perfection of expression in the many fields of activity which bless the race. These Beings are the "Department Heads" of The Brotherhood and under Them men and women are trained, guided, counseled and developed to like perfection of expression.

One of these Department Heads is known by the name of the Ascended Master Saint Germain. He climbed the Ladder to perfection under the direction of Those Who had preceded Him in grace, understanding, wisdom and works well done. He is a Teacher Who, following in the footsteps of Jesus, is devoting His life to showing mankind how to become acquainted with the God Presence within their hearts. As indi-

viduals learn to contact this God Presence, they begin to draw, through conscious invocation and prayer, the radiation, blessing and assistance of God, His Messengers and the Angelic Host. These God Messengers help mankind to free themselves from distress and limitation of every kind.

Saint Germain's service to the Earth is completed through men and women who choose to work with Him and study His particular "subject matter." During the long course of many Earth lives, He acquired the qualifications to fill His present position as Lord of the Seventh (Violet) Ray. Even now certain men and women interested in expanding His virtue of Freedom on the earth are developing the talents and powers by which one day, in the distant future, some one among them may succeed Him in this Office. He, in turn, will ascend the spiritual Ladder to a position of even greater trust, authority and power to bless the race.

Tracing the life of this great Benefactor to mankind through many embodiments, we can see how He was being prepared for His present spiritual responsibilities. Similarly you and I are being prepared for greater service through life's experience today. Scientists, statesmen, philosophers, inventors, alchemists, occultists and spiritual pioneers are all inspired by Saint Germain's guarding Presence.

The following is a resume of His life and contributions to the welfare of mankind, all based on fact which may be confirmed in the historical records of many countries today.

Widening our consciousness and studying the lives of these great Benefactors is the first step toward appreciation of Their gifts to the race. Contemplating Their lives creates a spiritual rapport with Their living Presence in the Universe. Thus we have access to the knowledge, power, gifts, momentums and talents which They have developed and which are ours to use, if we will accept them.

Comte de Saint Germain

An illustrious Personage known by the name of Comte de Saint Germain was well known in Europe in the Eighteenth Century. The name Comte de Saint Germain, which He used, did not come from the well known family Saint Germain but was really Sanctus Germanus which means "holy brother." He also used various nom de plumes such as Comte Bellemarre

in Venice; Chevalier Schoening at Pisa; Chevalier Weldon at Milan and Leipzig; Comte Soltikoff at Genoa; Graf Tzarogy at Triesdorf; Prince Rakoczy at Dresden. He was known as the "Wonderman" of Europe in that era.

His Presence in the various countries always inspired freedom-loving people to renewed interest in the "rights of men." These people, feeling Saint Germain's innate love of freedom and liberty, formed the nucleus of humanitarian and patriotic movements designed to raise mankind out of the oppressions and tyrannies prevalent in that era.

He appeared to be about forty years of age. He was handsome, graceful and charming, with beautiful hands and expressive eyes. He was an accomplished linguist who had perfect command of French and all European languages. Saint Germain was also well versed in Sanskrit, Chinese, Arabic, Greek and Latin.

His character was perfect; his aim noble. He seemingly possessed limitless wealth, yet no one could ever learn from whence his money came. He kept no bank account, received no cash remittances from His beneficiaries and refused offers of presents and benefits made by the King of France, Louis XV and other crowned heads of Europe who received His advice and assistance. He was very generous, helping the sick and poor, founding hospitals in Paris and elsewhere. He was a great influence for good in the lives of many famous and well known people.

From 1737 to 1742 Saint Germain was at the Court of the Shah of Persia occupied in alchemical research. He was an alchemist of great repute, as well as a mystic and a Master. Anton Mesmer admitted that Saint Germain was his instructor as did Comti di Cagliostro.

Saint Germain had influence in and founded many secret societies, among them the Knights of Light and the Illuminati. He was the founder of Masonry and established the Rosicrucian Order.

In accountings taken from diaries of the Court of France, it is recorded that in 1743 a stranger, enormously wealthy, judging from His magnificent jewelry, had just arrived at Versailles. From whence He had come no one was able to learn. He was in England during the Jacobite Revolution. It is claimed He accompanied General Clive to India in 1735.

On His return to Paris, Saint Germain was accredited with the performing of many so-called miracles. The Countess de Gergy, Ambassadors to Venice, was the recipient of an elixir which she claimed retained life in her body long beyond its appointed span.

Saint Germain amalgamated precious stones and caused pearls to grow. He also removed flaws from diamonds. One day when Casanova visited Saint Germain in His laboratory, Saint Germain took a silver coin from Casanova and returned it to him in a few moments as pure gold. He resided often, in Schleswig-Holstein where He and Charles of Hesse pursued the study of spiritual science.

In 1757 Saint Germain was introduced at Paris by the Secretary of War, Marshal de Belle-Isle. It was during that period that He was best known to the public.

Saint Germain was a great friend of King Louis XV and Madame Pompadour. The King gave Him an apartment in the Chateau de Chambord and Saint Germain spent many evenings there with the royal family. He ate no meat, drank no liquor and, in fact, no one ever saw Him eat. When He was offered refreshments He refused them. Those around Him were usually so absorbed in His interesting conversation that His empty plate went unnoticed.

On October 6, 1789, Saint Germain warned Marie Antoinette of her impending death, the ruin of the Bourbons and the rise of Napoleon. He endeavored to counsel the Queen and the King about the conspiracy to overthrow the government. If they had heeded His advice they would have prevented their deaths on the guillotine during the French Revolution.

In 1758, in a sudden attack upon the French army, Comte de Rochambeau played an important role in executing Saint Germain's plans. Saint Germain and Rochambeau worked together in the Court of France previous to the French Revolution. The rebuilding of French military institutions was going on, of which Comte de Rochambeau, as inspector, was the chief worker. This friendship enabled Saint Germain, at a later date, to secure the assistance of Rochambeau in the cause of American Liberty.

In 1760 Saint Germain was sent by Louis XV to The Hague on a delicate diplomatic mission. That same year He had a

long interview with General Yorke of England concerning negotiations for peace. He claimed to have been sent by France. The Duke of Newcastle also knew Saint Germain.

In May, 1761, Saint Germain met in conference with Duc de Choiseul which resulted in the celebrated alliance known as The Family Compact. This was the forerunner of the Treaty of Paris which ended the colonial war between England and France.

Saint Germain was also an intimate friend of Frederick the Great. Here He made the acquaintanceship with General Von Steuben which enabled Saint Germain later, to enlist the military excellence of Von Steuben on behalf of the American army.

While engaged in Europe, Saint Germain was also working for America's liberty and freedom. One can see His guiding hand and spirit behind the endeavors which enabled her to obtain her freedom. Saint Germain was personally known by Benjamin Franklin, who was serving America's interests in Paris and by General Washington and Lafayette.

He was in St. Petersburg in 1782 where He played an important part in the revolution which placed Catherine the Great upon the throne of Russia.

Theories about Saint Germain's birth, nationality and death are varied and have been traced to many sources. Although the diaries and memoirs of the great men and women of His time speak of Him often, no one was ever able to trace his ancestry, his birth records, or his mysterious disappearance around 1790. Even today, there are people in Europe who bow when His Name is mentioned.

Saint Germain was also a great musician. He could accompany difficult compositions on the piano without a musical score. He was also a composer of merit and some of His compositions are in the British museum dated 1740-1760. He inspired Johann Strauss to write the waltzes everyone loves so much. He also inspired much of Chopin's and Tchaikowsky's greatest works.

In 1790, Saint Germain confided His future plans to Franz Graeffe, His Austrian friend, saying He was needed in Constantinople, then in England and America to assist in the preparation of various inventions, including trains and steamboats which would come forth in the next century. He said

He would then disappear from Europe and go to the region of the Himalayas. In 85 years people would again see Him. His next appearance is recorded when He came forth to help Helen Blavatsky to form the Theosophical Society.

Saint Germain was also a close friend of Bulwer Lytton and it is believed by many that Lytton's personal supernatural experiences were the basis for his great book, "Zanoni".

The people of Oberammergau were inspired by Saint Germain to give the Passion Play which is produced every ten years.

Again, the time is come when this Great Benefactor of the human race is coming forth to assist those wise enough to recognize His Presence, His wisdom, His counsel. Saint Germain has been a great protector of humanity for centuries and His appearances are usually in times of crises or great need. His work is more mystical than political in the outer meaning of the word. He is again taking an active part in the direction of certain beneficial currents to bless mankind.

The Chalice of God's Comfort and Healing

Beloved children of My Heart, the Sacred Heart of Thy great Creator, thy Father-Mother God, from whence comes all that is, I greet thee. "I AM" that Essence from the Sacred Heart which gives thee life. "I AM" both the Creator and the created. "I AM" in thee and thou art in Me and together we become the expression of perfection in the sweet world of form. It was so planned in the beginning and the time is now ripe for the manifestation. The harvest is due. Thou art the reapers even as thou hast been the sowers. Those shall reap My harvest who have sown in love, mindful of My Purpose and My Plan. It is the Cosmic Hour of homecoming, My children. My Heart summons thee. Gather thy harvest and return to Me to go out no more.

Thy Father is mindful of thy burdens of self-imposed illusions which seem to thee so real. Thou wilt find that in the forgetting of the burden, whatever it may be, and in the joy of knowing that thou art in truth on the pathway of liberation, thy heaviness will depart from thee as though it had never been. Being only illusion, it has no reality. How canst thou acknowledge sickness, disease and death when within thee throbs and pulsates My vitalizing Life. That which animates

thy form is the life essence of My Heart. "I AM" abiding within that essence in perfection and in peace. How canst thy mortal self accept less, except in the concept and ignorance of the blinded senses which have forgotten Me? Is it not strange that a child of God could forget the perfection of being which should be his very life, and yet it seems to be. Think now! Go within the Sacred Chamber of thine own Divine Consciousness and abide there in My Peace and know that Thou and I art One. Where "I AM", nothing of the mortal concept can abide. Sickness, pain, disease and death, yea all the tribulations of the world of man vanish in the Divine perception of My Divine Reality at one with thine.

What then of thy seeming misery? It is maya, child of My heart. Concepts, perceptions, conclusions, drawn from illusionary circumstance have woven the veil that blinds thee. Thy seeming burdens will hinder thee until that fateful hour when in love and submission of mortal consciousness thou canst face thy Father-Mother creator and lay aside thy human will, thy human mind, thy human feelings, thy very self, that deceiving self you call your personality. Having laid it down, thy burdens will adhere unto it. Without the nourishment of thy thinking, feeling, desiring and fearing, they will vanish. Thy constant attention is the nourishment upon which thy miseries thrive and grow. Lay them aside My children and give thy thoughts, feelings and desires unto My keeping. I promise thee thy freedom and release. "I AM" the still, small voice within thee. Hear My voice and allow it to reveal unto thee all that is planned for thee in the Father's Kingdom of which thou art already a part. It but remains for thee to acknowledge thy birthright, accept its bounty and return to claim thine own. These are My words. This is My promise brought to you through the voices of My messengers. Harken unto My call for Lo, I AM with thee always even though thou dost see Me dimly through thy tears and feel Me but seldom in the loneliness of thy chosen way.

Steadfastly facing Thee, there is no evil on my pathway.

Steadfastly facing Thee, there is no matter with its laws.

Steadfastly facing Thee, there is no loss, no lack, no absence, no deprivation.

Steadfastly facing Thee, there is nothing to fear, for there shall be no power to hurt.

Steadfastly facing Thee, there is neither sin, nor sickness, nor death.